B*I*G TITS
VOLUME 10 NUMBER 1
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FLASHY, FLESHY AND FUN! THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER THE PAGE!

# B•I•G TITS

VOLUME 10 NUMBER 1

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# —Editorial—

"Sometimes I fantasize about being surrounded by hundreds of pairs of big, naked, female breasts, all bouncing around my hungry mouth," one big tit fancier reported recently. It is for men like him — and their numbers are legion — that this magazine was produced. If you like them big, you've come to the right place. Our girls sport the healthiest sets of 'lungs' in town!

BOOB HEAVEN

**Mindy has found her load easy to bear, however. She's a real trouper, that Mindy!**

**She has help, of course. Most men are willing to help pull her weight . . .**

# TIT TEMPTATIONS

Tony sat up high in his chair and surveyed the scene below him. Spread over the beach were women, hundreds of them, dressed in skimpy little bikinis that aroused and delighted him. He smiled and smeared the thick white goop of zinc oxide over his nose.

Tony looked out over the ocean. He could hardly believe this was the end of summer, almost time for the girls to get back to school. It had been one hell of a good summer for him. No drownings, hundreds of available chicks to take home. That was one thing he loved about being a lifeguard at Sun Cliffs Beach. The girls who came to the beach were the best-looking, horniest girls in California — all blonde-haired and blue-eyed, with tight-fitting tiny bikinis and wiggling asses that made his grateful, eager cock twitch just to see them. The beach had a fine reputation for its women, and they earned it.

Tony moved his hand down and began touching his cock, tightly stuffed into his brief suit. He was lucky. He had the biggest cock of any guy on the lifeguard staff.

Three years back, when Tony was given the job of lifeguard, the guys had all gotten together to pick beaches. Naturally, everyone wanted Sun Cliffs. It was safe, and it was filled with eager women.

"I have an idea!" laughed one of the older lifeguards. "To be fair, let's have a contest."

"A talent contest?" asked another guy.

The first guy smiled. "Nah, a cock contest! The biggest cock gets Sun Cliffs. What do you guys say?"

Everyone agreed, and they pulled down their pants at the same time. All the others gasped to see Tony's tremendous prick, a full nine-inch member as thick around as his fist. He won the contest, and Sun Cliff was his domain. Now, three summers later, he was beginning to grow bored of the same tight bikinis, the same blonde curly-heads. He wanted new action.

Tony settled for these girls in their skintight bikinis, but they weren't exactly his style, or his favorite taste. He licked his lips and turned up the volume of his

radio again. He liked tits. Tits were what he went wild over, what he most loved and enjoyed.

Not the small, orange-sized firm tits most of the girls on Sun Cliffs had. Nah, they just weren't for him. He liked them big, really big. Huge and juicy, the kind that spilled over bra cups and barely fit into bathing suits. Mmmm, it had been so long since he'd last had a big-titted woman, and the idea was arousing him.

He looked down and saw his thick cock bulging against the fabric of his suit. It was against the rules to jack off in public, but hell, he was so damned horny. What other choice did he have?

He reached into his suit and pulled out the thick beefy prick. It was engorged and the head was purple, swollen and hot. He took the shaft into his fingers and began touching himself, riding the enlarged, tumescent pole up and down his hand, sighing to feel the tingling delight flow through his groin.

He looked down and all he could see were girls, big ones, small ones, wiggling and laughing on the warm sand. Their tits peeked out from their bra cups, and he imagined himself sucking their nipples, licking their fleshy mounds, then shoving his prick up into them. Yeahhhh, oh yeahhh, he was a real tit man. He lived for boobs, craved them and needed them.

His cock was red-hot, swollen thicker as he rubbed it up and down in his fist, tightening his grip and sighing with pleasure to feel his balls swell.

Tit! He thought of the first girl, a big-breasted high school girl who had seduced him during one of the school's pep rallies. She pushed her hand over his crotch and rubbed his cock wildly in his trousers as he stared down her blouse, gazing intently at the huge tits displayed before him, their coffee-brown nipples enlarging as he sighed with pleasure. The girl heaved with delight as she stroked his cock, her eyes glazed, her nostrils flared. On the field, a football game was taking place, and all eyes were busy watching the action. But Tony was in heaven, being rubbed by a big-boobed girl, aching to shove his cock into her, not daring to do anything but feel her stroke her thick fingers over his swollen pole and sigh with ecstasy. He came in a thrilling, delicious moment, sopping his trousers with the thick goo of his sperm. Her name was Ellen, and they went to every football game together after that, bringing along a blanket. Ellen would cover Tony with the blanket and unzip his trousers, pulling his thickened cock out and rubbing him intensely throughout the touchdowns and passes on the field. And he would come watching her breasts heave and swell beneath her low-cut blouses. Ahh, the thought still aroused him.

Now, as he thought of Ellen's big tits and her fingers stroking over his tumid cock, he rubbed his hand tighter on himself, tingling with pleasure as his balls squeezed their load of precious cum up through his shaft.

He came, sighing and moaning aloud, the thick juice spraying over his fingers, coating them. His cock shuddered out heaves of the hot spray, and he swallowed hard, rubbing the gooey fluid onto his belly and thighs.

He pulled up his tight swimsuit and looked out over the ocean again, feeling relaxed and fulfilled. But this was a Saturday night, and so far, he had no one lined up for action.

"Hi, Tony!" called a familiar voice.

"Hey, Peter! What's new?" he grinned down at his friend.

"Nothing much. Just got a promotion, to assistant manager," smiled Peter, trying hard to conceal his pride.

Tony laughed. "That's great, buddy! Congratulations!"

"Gonna have a little party at my place tonight. Can you make it?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world!"

Tony waved as his friend jogged off down the beach. Assistant manager. That was a good promotion for Peter.

He jumped down from the chair and began making his morning rounds. The sand was warm and squishy beneath his feet, and he smiled as he walked along. Girls called out to him, and he waved at them all. He was something of a hero at Sun Cliffs, and rumor had it that the graffiti in the women's bathroom was all about the size and terrific staying power of his cock. That idea really delighted him.

He walked up to the snack bar and smiled at Grady, the old guy who ran the concession. "Hiya, Grady, how's it going?"

"Fine, just fine. Beautiful day."

"Sure is. Everything quiet?"

"All's quiet today. Milk shake for you?" Grady asked.

Tony shook his head. "Nah, just a Coke today. Make it a large one."

Grady poured the drink and handed it to Tony, who gulped most of it down at once. "Thanks, Grady. I better get back on my walk now."

As he walked down the beach, sipping the cola and smiling at the girls who called out his name and waved hello, he thought of Peter. They had been buddies all through high school — best friends — and Tony had once let Peter share Ellen at a football game. But lately, they didn't have much in common, and they rarely saw one another. Peter wore suits and ties to an office every day, and Tony peeled up a sexy, tight swimsuit to go to work.

The beach was quiet as usual. Guys played volleyball at a net; girls listened to the radio and painted their nails, giggling and

gossiping delightedly. Same old thing, day after day. He shrugged his shoulders and headed back for his chair. Still, he was damned lucky to have such an easy job; to be admired and desired by all these hot girls, to be able to listen to horny rock songs all afternoon and catch the sun's rays. He had a tan even in November, and Peter couldn't claim that, for sure!

He jumped up in his chair, switched on the radio and watched the girls wiggle and squirm to the music beneath him.

• • •

Peter's apartment was in the nicest area of the city, and Tony felt awkward about coming to his old buddy's promotion party. He was positive he would leave early, and that it would be the worst night of his life. He was wearing tight-fitting jeans that snuggled against his crotch and held his balls tightly in place. He wore a T-shirt that emphasized his wide chest and broad shoulders. His thick blonde hair gleamed. His tan was a perfect brown. He knew he looked good.

He rang the bell and Peter opened the door. He was dressed in a conservative suit with a tweed tie.

"Tony! Buddy, good to see you! Come on in!" he smiled, clapping Tony on the shoulder.

Peter walked away and left Tony alone. Tony went up to the bar and poured himself a shot of scotch, which he gulped down at once. It warmed through him, and he felt suddenly better. He looked around at all formally-dressed men and fancily-dressed women, and he headed for the door.

A woman approached him, grabbing his elbow. Her dark eyes shone appealingly. "Don't leave yet. You just got here, and you're the only man who looks interesting," she said, smiling at him.

Tony's eyes dropped instinctively from her face to her tits. She wore a tight slinky dress that cupped her body perfectly and displayed her huge, tremendously beautiful breasts to him. They gleamed with a fine film of perspiration, and he licked his lips. She was spilling out of her bra, and she was the woman of his dreams. For tonight, anyway.

"I'm not leaving," he said, grinning at her, his eyes focusing intensely on her huge, rounded breasts. "Not without you, anyway."

She laughed, and her breasts heaved deliciously. They were shoved tightly into her dress, and he longed to pull at them, bite into them, hurt and play hungrily with them.

They had a drink together, and Tony felt warm and eager. His cock pulsated starvingly in his tight jeans, and he saw the woman look down at his tumid pole.

"You're as horny as I am!" she laughed happily. "Let's get out of here!"

They went to his place — a messy, one-room apartment that Tony had fixed up with mirrors and a huge poster of a naked couple, their bodies pressed hotly together, the man's cock thick and ready to enter the woman.

"My name's Hillary," she said, giggling as she kissed Tony's mouth.

"I'm Tony," he said, taking her tongue into his mouth, sucking on it.

But her mouth and tongue weren't the treasures Tony was seeking. He knew just what he wanted, and he went after it with force and power. His fingers came down and ripped off the zipper of her dress. The dress fell off her shoulders, and Tony peeled it down her body quickly, eagerly. He had no time for playing and teasing; his cock pounded hungrily to fuck. He pulled away the woman's overspilled bra and saw what he desired.

He licked his lips instinctively at the sight beore him. There they were, his prize. They were the hugest, pinkest tits he had ever seen. Tremendous mounds of soft flesh, ringed with coffee-brown nipples, winked up at him tauntingly.

She laughed and ran her fingers over them, her eyes pleading, her lips wet. "You like my tits?" she said softly, hunger deep in her voice.

He nodded, unable to speak. They were big and floppy things, and she played with them ornily now, her eyes intense, her nostrils flared. The rest of her body was perfect: a narrow waist and full, lush thighs that met at her crotch, covered with thick curly pubic fur. She lifted her hand to her hair and pulled out the pins that held it in place. It fell in soft, thick waves to her shoulders. It was dark black, the color of her pussy pubes.

"I like my tits, too," sighed the woman, running her fingers tauntingly over her rosebud nipples, watching them grow erect and thick as she played with them.

Tony peeled off his T-shirt and unzipped his jeans, never taking his eyes off the girl's huge, floppy boobs and soft, fleshy thighs. When he pulled down his jeans, the girl gasped.

"My God! What a big prick! I've never seen such a big one before!" Her black eyes glistened as she stared eagerly at Tony's pole, thick and dripping lust-juice.

"I'll let you touch my cock if I can touch your tits," he said, smiling lewdly as he came toward her, his massive organ pounding against his leg as he walked.

He held her tight and lowered his face onto her breasts, nuzzling eagerly at them, biting the tips of her sweet-tasting nipples, licking at her huge pink mounds. His thick tongue was

all over her boobs, sucking them, nipping them, caressing them with oral strokes of hot, fevered lust.

"Oooooo," she squealed, delighted, as his mouth bit and tickled her sensitive tits.

Her hand went down and she wrapped her firm, eager fingers around Tony's stiff, huge cock. She sighed to touch the big thing, and ran her fingers over his shaft and up onto the cockhead, purpled and oozing with tense, torrid pleasure.

Tony shuddered with passion as he guided the woman onto the bed. The scent of their sweat-soaked, aroused bodies filled the room, and it seemed to pulsate with their hungry lust.

The woman cupped Tony's thick, torridly wild balls in her hand and pulled on them, sending hot shivers throughout his body. He understood her tremendous sexual urges, and he mounted her. But instead of pushing his cock into her swollen, gapingly readied vagina, he rubbed the big tool between the woman's large breasts.

She squirmed with pleasure as she pressed her tits tightly together, surrounding his pulsating, thick penis with her warm boobflesh.

Tony was over her, his cock between her huge breasts, and he began to move up and down the tightly closing gap she had created for his pleasure. The velvety soft smoothness of her breasts delighted him, and he rode his turnid tool there, sighing with passion to feel her accept and want him.

Hillary had never before seen such a huge cock, and she shuddered to feel him fuck her between her boobs. She saw his thick, purpled head ride her, and the throbbing veiny shaft go up and down between her udder-like melons. Tingles of rippling delight coursed through her belly. She moved her fingers down between her spread thighs and touched her hot, horny clitoris eagerly. She seemed to respond with fire to her fingers, caressing herself, and she kicked her legs over the humping, hot man's back.

Tony felt the woman begin to massage her clitoris, and he sighed with pleasure. Her boobs were the best — so soft, full and juicy — and he rode into them with teeming joy. Beneath him, he could feel the woman giving herself hot pleasure, and the thought delighted him.

Hillary felt her clitoris gaping wide, and it was swollen and sore with need. It had been so long since she'd been fucked by a man who truly appreciated and loved her huge, floppy tits.

She traced her finger teasingly over her pulsating clitoris, and then pushed it into her gaping vagina. Her vagina was coated with thick juice, and she shoved her finger into herself. Then she pushed another finger in, moving them up and down with the hot, fierce rhythm of mating pleasure and need. Her clitoris shuddered with hunger, and she rubbed the splayed palm of her hand over the tiny, sorely-starved button there.

Tony grunted as his cockhead grew even larger, purpling with sexual anger and delight. He gazed down at the sight beneath him, the furiously masturbating, intense woman, her fingers up into herself, her palm massaging her engorged, ripe clitoris. He rubbed his huge prick further over her breasts, caressing them with the heat of his large rod. His balls, rocking against the base of her swollen, thickly shivering titties, filled with their load of sperm.

"Mmmmm," sighed Hillary, fingering herself feverishly, driving another finger into her vagina, rubbing her readied clitoris with hot, passionate need. She ran her tongue over her lips, and her eyes were glazed with the wanton look of a hungered, lust-starved woman.

Tony's cock erupted suddenly, and the thick wad of his semen squirted out, up his shaft, through his swollen cockhead, over the woman's fleshy pink tits. He coated her huge love-melons with his teeming juice, rubbing the goo into her delightedly, over her raw, erect nipples, over her huge mounds.

Suddenly, as she felt his cum squirt onto her body, covering and pouring out hotly, Hillary came, arching her back and digging her hand into her clitoris with wet, burning, eager need. Her clitoris seemed to grow larger still, and she shoved three fingers high into her vagina as it pulsated with the raw fury of orgasmic delight.

"Ooooo . . . mmmmmm," sighed Hillary, coming, her clitoris splitting open, her vagina gushing out thick juice onto her shoving, hungered fingers.

As they rested, Tony put his head onto Hillary's breasts. They were incredibly round and soft and warm. He licked at her big nipples, tasting his own salty thick sperm.

"I was young when I first began to develop," she said, her voice soft, running her fingers in Tony's thick blonde hair, enjoying his mouth over her big tits.

"At first, I was embarrassed about them. I would try to wear clothes to hide them, to make them look smaller. But, as you can see, they're too big to try to hide. So, one day, while I was naked, I looked into the mirror, and I liked what I saw! I touched them, and they were like satin, so soft and lush. I lifted them to my mouth and kissed them, and I got them erect. I felt a tingling in here," she touched her crotch, "and I enjoyed the feeling, so warm and wet. So I began biting at my nipples, and the more I licked them and bit at them, the more squishy my little vagina felt. I started masturbating that afternoon, right there

in front of my mirror, and I've loved my tits ever since then!"

Tony's massive prick threatened to stiffen again at her words. He rubbed the thing in his fist as he licked her breasts.

"I want to fuck you now," he said, his voice thick with lust.

She nodded. "Mmmm, it's the biggest damn cock I've ever seen! I can't wait to feel it up me!"

Tony was not a gentle lover, and he took command with force and charge. He mounted the woman and felt her legs spread beneath him. She was his, and he would fuck and take her. It was something they both understood in the silent communication of their mating.

Tony rubbed his huge cockhead along the fur-lined rim of Hillary's cunt. It was sopped with heated juice, and the feeling of her arousal made his prick thicken, his balls tighten, with lust.

Then, with one pounding, powerful drive, he shoved his huge cock into her. Her cunt was lined with soft velvet, and she squeezed him into her like a fine leather glove. He rode all the way up her gaping hole, shivering with pleasure at the tight fit. His mouth dropped to suckle at her boobs, and he licked and bit into them with teeming joy. They were so huge and so eager, and her nipples were erect, burning with the need for fulfillment.

Her huge thighs spread wide to allow him to stuff his pole all the way into her, and his buttocks humped hard, forcing all of his swollen maleness up her gaping cunt. He rocked hard into her, their bodies pounding together in the ageless rhythm of sexual coupling. Sweat rolled off them as they fucked crazily, harshly.

Hillary's breasts were growing larger as she felt the big, angry penis force its way deeper and higher into her. She shuddered as her cunt squeezed him farther up, and her breasts rocked along with their every torrid motion, flopping eagerly against the big stud over her.

She felt his organ strike her clitoris, and her body tensed with pleasure as he began to ride against the sensitive button of lusting greed. Her vagina was wild and wicked as he fucked her, and her clitoris longed for release and joy.

Tony's penis was huge as he rode her, the head purpled, the shaft's veins coursing deliciously. His balls thickened with their load as he rocked against her, feeling her teeming hot clitoris rise and swell crazily into his banging hot cock.

He lowered his face and, suddenly, alive with lewd wants, he bit animalistically into her boob. He pulled at her nipple deliciously, sucking and chewing with tensing delight as he felt her sweet, hot skin tear away in his mouth.

Hillary felt the stabbing pain seize through her breast as the man's teeth seared into her flesh. The agony rippled hotly throughout her torn boob, and she was filled with the hungry delight of sex as he drove his cock deeper and higher into her with greedy energy and lust. She had never felt so alive, so wickedly turned on, so wonderfully hot and horny.

"Bite me! Bite my tits! Hurt me!" she called eagerly as the man bit down into her, driving his teeth far through her flesh.

Tony bit her, chewing on her sweet nipples and gripping at her fleshy mounds of melon-like musk. His cock was ready, and beneath him, he could feel her swollen clitoris respond to his every harsh gyration up inside her.

Then, like a shooting, fire-filled weapon, he came in her, his cock pouring its torridly wild juice up her vagina, filling her with it, feeling her cunt squeezing tightly against him to take it all, to get every thick, hot drop of the precious fluid.

Hillary felt the man's cock open and squirt out his cum up into her. She kicked her legs higher over his back and felt her clitoris split wide in the throes of ecstatic, supreme orgasmic delight.

"Ooooo, yessss!" she called eagerly, taking his cum up her, feeling her vagina gush with her climax.

Tony's humping, huge cock shuddered all its thick fluid into the girl's greedily-sucking hole, and then it shivered with fulfilled release. The big pole shrivelled, and he came out of her, sighing as he dropped beside her on the huge bed.

Hillary's boob was torn and ravaged, and she giggled delightfully with the pleasure of their hot moment together. "I've never had a man like you," she said, running her fingers over his now-flaccid organ of passion. The thick goo coated his cock.

He smiled at her.

"Can we get together tomorrow night?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll see. I might be busy. Leavy your phone number on a slip of paper by the phone." It was his usual line, after a hot night of fucking. Sure, she had been great, and her tits, God, they were wild and fabulous, but he might run across someone else, someone with even bigger, floppier tits, and he wanted to leave his options open. He liked it this way — no damn commitments, no responsibilities.

Hillary stood and dressed, stuffing her huge tits back into the too-tight bra. "You're sure one hell of a hot man," she said.

"You're a terrific lady," he said, meaning it.

She giggled softly. "Peter was right about you!"

Tony jumped up. "Peter! What does he have to do with this?"

She smiled. "I'm his new secretary, and he said he wanted to share me with you." She waved and walked out of his apartment, zipping her dress as she left.

So, Peter had finally paid him back for sharing Ellen with him at that football game. Hell, this was so much greater a piece

than Ellen had been, that cock-tease. All he ever got out of her was a hand-job. He fell asleep, thinking about the huge, soft tits on that gorgeous Hillary. It had been a night he knew he would remember the rest of his life.

The following morning, he peeled on his tightest, skimpiest swimsuit. It covered his cock, just barely. He thought of that great, hot Hillary, and wished he had made plans with her for the next night. Her tits had been like cushions, so floppy and soft. Just his kind. He drove to the beach with a hard-on that wouldn't seem to go away.

When he got to Sun Cliffs, it was early — too early for the girls to get there. As he walked through the parking lot toward his chair, he spotted something. A girl with a can of spray paint was coming out of the women's bathroom. She didn't look familiar, but his mouth watered at the sight of her. She wore a tiny bikini that was too small to contain her boobs, and she was practically falling out of it! Her hips were sleek and full, her waist tiny. But his eyes were glued to her breasts, large and pink, glistening with sweat as she scampered off toward her car.

"Hey you!" Tony called, in his most authoritative voice.

The girl turned around and froze. "Me?" she asked, her voice breathless, her face flushed.

He nodded. "Get your ass over here, right now!"

She padded barefoot to him, her huge tits bouncing as she moved. He licked his lips instinctively. Fresh titmeat, his favorite breakfast. She came over to him and smiled. "What is it?" she asked, her voice challenging.

He glared down at her, his blue eyes steely cold. "You been writing graffiti in the bathroom?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Just in the girl's room," she said, tossing her light blonde hair back behind her shoulders. It fell to her soft, full buttocks, making his cock tingle and twitch inside his skimpy suit.

"You go in there and show me what you wrote on the walls."

They went into the bathroom. It was the first time Tony had ever been in there, and he gasped to see all the lewd pictures. But what delighted and pleased him were the big signs about him written everywhere.

"TONY SUCKS TITS THE BEST!"

"TONY'S COCK IS HOT AND HUGE!"

"TONY MAKES MY CUNT WET AND WILD!"

The girl pointed to a drawing of a huge cock. "I did that," she said. "Honest to God, it's all I did! I swear! Don't turn me in . . ."

He smiled at the young woman. She was just out of high school, and her blue eyes sparkled with wicked delight. "I won't turn you in, if you let me fuck your boobs," he said, grinning.

The girl smiled with pleasure. She peeled off the top of her skimpy bikini and revealed to him her huge, floppy, pink-nippled tits. They were hanging low, and had a tremendous cleavage that made his mouth water with anticipation.

"Is it true about you? What all the graffiti says?" the girl asked, smiling, licking her lips as she knelt down, then lay on the floor.

He grinned and peeled down his suit, showing her his prized cock, all nine horny hot inches of it.

She gasped eagerly as he mounted her and began fucking her between her mountainous, soft tits, feeling the velvet of them crushing against his cockflesh, sending hot shivers of pleasure through him. His balls rocked at the base of her big boobs, and her nipples grew erect with the rubbing he gave them. They were floppy things that jiggled and shook as he banged into her.

The girl felt him fuck her tits, and she squealed with pleasure and need. It was something she'd always wanted, but all she ever got was a cock shoved up her vagina. To be tit-fucked, that was something raw and special. Her body tingled with joy-honey as she watched his big pole move against her, the stiff purple cockhead swollen and readied.

Then, with driving force and pure physical, craving pleasure, Tony's penis shoved harder, and he came, oozing out thick spurts of love-juice all over the girl's face and chest, coating her with horny delight.

The feeling of sperm, squishy and warm over her body, sent the girl into spasms. Her tits tingled, and her nipples strained with passion as she came, getting off on the feel of cock between her tits, not between her thighs.

"Mmmmmmm," she sighed eagerly, coming, her clitoris pounding with urgent fulfillment and pleasure.

Tony grunted and pulled his cock off her flushed pink boobs. Her eyes were glassy, her nostrils flared. He sighed. It had all happened so damn fast, and he had found that the urgent, fast fucks were often the best.

"Well, you hot little tease, I hope you've learned a lesson!" he said, pulling on his tight swimsuit and walking out of the bathroom.

The girl sat up, her lips wet, her eyes glazed, and she took up her can of spray paint.

"TONY FUCKS HOT TITS!"

She wrote over one wall of the room in huge black letters, laughing with delight, having gotten what she wanted in the first place. Tony had fucked her hard between the tits! And she had found out for herself. He was as big and as good as the graffiti said.

She pulled on her skimpy, too-small bikini bra and smiled. No, Tony, she thought wickedly, I haven't learned my lesson! Not yet . . .

# BONNIE'S BIGGIES

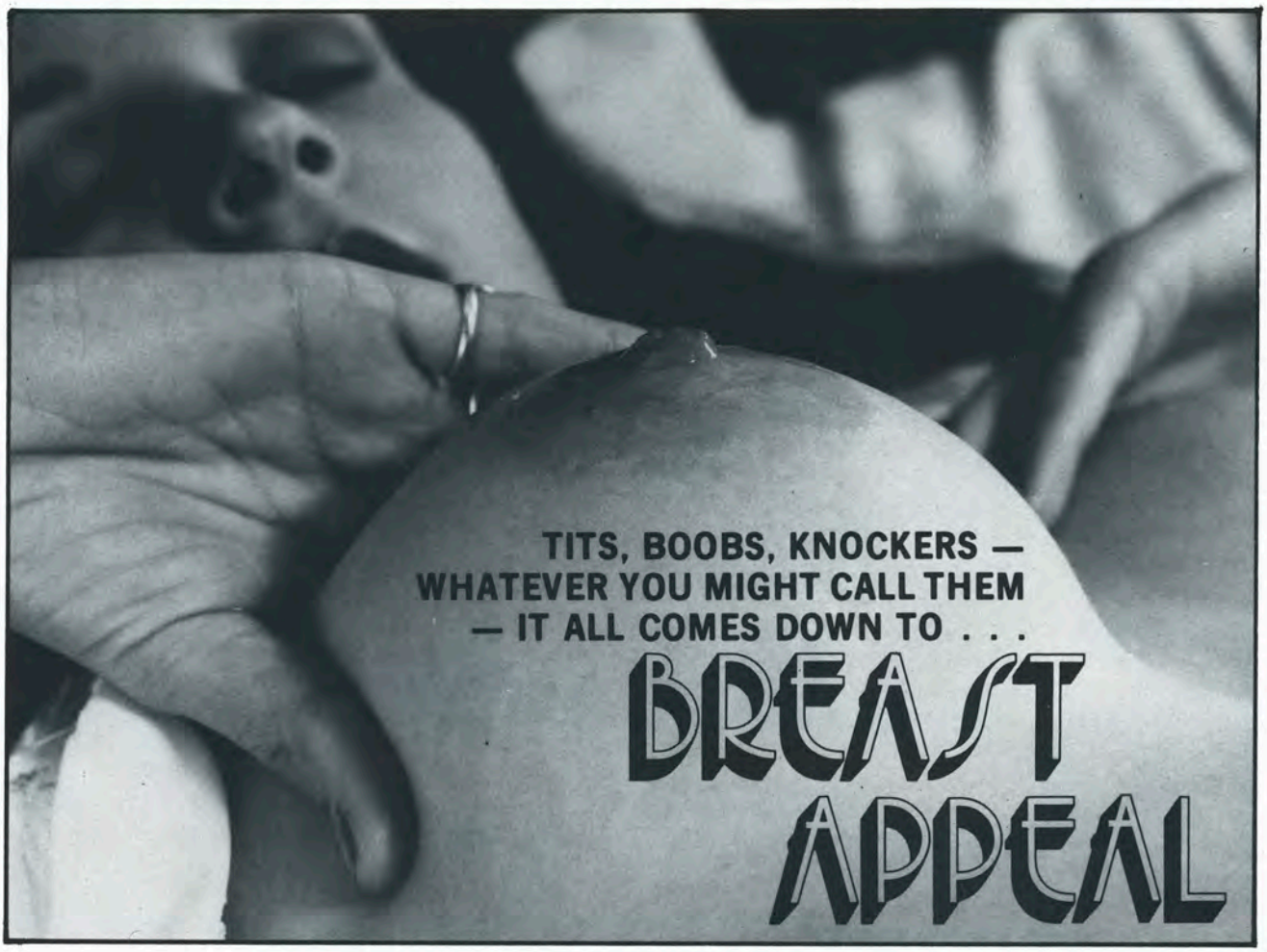
Bonnie-Bon-Bon, as she's known to her friends, for obvious reasons — is a knockout knockers girl.

There's so much of her for a man to caress, to kiss, to suck his heart out on.

**Bonnie is really a happy person who loves all the bountiful gifts nature has given her, and who accepts life as it comes.**

"My tits are very sensitive," Bonnie says. We'll add seductive to that!

Even as a youth, she had unusual tit dilemmas. When she'd salute the flag, her aching nipples would in turn salute all who chanced to see them poking through the thin material of her blouse!




Breasts are an important part of our society, and have been since the beginning of time. For every child, according to Freud, the first physiologic urge is the sucking drive. This "oral impulse" manifests itself with the infant suckling at its mother's breasts. The feeling is one of pleasure and erotic stimulation for the baby, and it also gives him the nourishment he needs in order to live. This impulse was recorded as far back as the time of the ancient Egyptians, whose art represented children sucking their fingers — a substitution, according to Freud — for the breasts of their mothers.

We women are fascinated by breasts, and we will do almost anything to have big, firm, juicy ones. In the back of every major women's magazine are ads promising "HUGE, SUPPLE BREASTS IN TWO WEEKS, OR YOUR MONEY BACK!!" The "before" and "after" pictures accompanying these ads are hilarious, showing a frumpy, flat-chested, stringy-haired woman changed miraculously into a showgirl beauty, her tits spilling over a double-D cup bra. Many companies have made their fortune selling these "wonder cures" by magazine mail order, for only $39.95. What usually comes in the mail is some thick, greasy lotion that turns out to be hormones, and is to be rubbed into the breasts ten times a day. Either that, or a lewd-looking vacuum sucker that we are instructed to stuff our tiny boobs into and push. This breast-increaser can pull our tits out of shape, hurt like holy hell, and yet we continue to use it religiously, hoping it will give us supple and luscious breasts like the girl in the ads.

For the women in our society who are not blessed naturally with large, glorious boobs, the choices are few. She can either send away her money for these "wonder products, miracles of new technology," she can undergo silicone implantations, or she can learn to live with her small breasts, sometimes the most difficult choice of all.

Clothes are often designed to make women look more busty than they are in actuality. Padded bras come with stuffing to fill out a girl's measurements and hide her flaws. And uplifting bras with wires that push a woman up and tightly press her breasts together. These are big sellers in most stores. Beaded and sequined blouses, which call a man's attention to the woman's bustline, accentuate breasts, as do bold colors and bright fabrics.

Several companies cater bras to the women who seek to seduce men. They feature such amusing, and arousing, designs as nipple-less bras, diamond-studded bras, heart-shaped bras, and bras with dirty sayings written over them.

This is all a sharp variation from women's styles of our past. Bustles were once worn to divert attention from the breasts, and some women still wear long-line bras to support themselves and keep their breasts from bouncing along when they walk. Sixty years ago, the

style for young women was to bind their boobs. They would tie down their newly-developed breasts with tight cords so that they looked like boys. Their clothes were designed to highlight slim hips and breastlessness. This practice, however, ripped important interior muscular structures of the women who followed it. Their breasts subsequently lost all tone and support from this painful binding and, when they were older, their boobs sagged loosely and hung very low from the harm this "clothing fad" had done to them.

Today, the ideal woman's breasts are firm and supple — and they jiggle. Jiggling is a relatively new phenomenon in our society, but it is one which, it appears, is here to stay. It all began with bra-burning back in the 1960s, when women wanted to demonstrate the seriousness of women's liberation. Women took off their bras and didn't put them back on — and men liked it! Instead of repulsing and disgusting men with their floppy boobs, these militant, braless women turned them on!

And now, following the new styles of bralessness, television features the highly popular "jiggle look." Actresses in tight-fitting, sexy costumes chase bad guys, catch crooks, run and move so that their bouncing, supple tits constantly jiggle across our TV screens.

However, the "let it all hang out" attitudes and braless styles have a dark side. Women with large breasts could be facing the same dangers mentioned before from the lack of breast support of any kind, since the force of gravity will eventually cause them to sag.

Men have always been fascinated and aroused by women's breasts. Years ago, before the advent of genital-display magazines, when Playboy came out with its daring, seductive nude centerfolds of big-breasted women, nipples rouged and smiles sweet, men rushed to their newsstands to buy copies of this "racy" journal. But women, too, were intrigued, peeking over their husband's shoulders to see how their own tits compared to other women's.

Says Mary Ellen, a housewife: "I really enjoy looking through all of Walter's girlie magazines. I can remember when they first came out, and the sensation they caused. He has quite a stack of them, and I sometimes take off my housecoat and check myself out in the mirror in the bedroom. It sounds silly, I know, but I model my tits, like the girls in the magazines. It excites me. Walter thinks I have nice breasts, and it's fun to compare mine with those girls' . . ."

While some women enjoy being posed naked in the centerfolds of the various magazines that now line the newsstands, others (especially celebrities) obviously do not. Some famous women who were recently offered $1 million to pose nude, but refused, include Cher, Mary Tyler Moore, Patty Hearst and Caroline Kennedy. But boobs are cheesecake, a luscious, drool-producing treat — not 'chic.'

Not only are big breasts evident on television, in magazines and through fashion, they have also been the study of famous artists throughout history. Anyone who has ever seen a Reubens painting of a woman up close, and has studied the loving care with which he painted his women's huge, voluptuous breasts, realizes the appreciation and respect such a fine artist had for the sexual quality and the physical beauty of boobs. Every line on the canvas shows the woman's female delight and pleasure, and the sensuality in the scenes themselves is remarkable and arousing.

In Indian art, an emphasis on large breasts can be seen in sculptures, tapestries and paintings. To the Indian people, large breasts are the essence of all that is female and lovely.

Big, firm breasts are not only nice to look at, admire and drool over; they also feel good. They are soft, like fine velvet. This softness comes from the female hormones that course through them. The nipples are composed of erectile tissues, just like penises. They come erect with sexual arousal in the same manner that penises do, filling with blood. In fact, nipple erection is often the first evidence of a woman's response to sexual stimulus. When nipples are completely erect, the length may increase by .5 to 1.0 cm, and the base diameter of the breast may itself increase by .25 to .5 cm over the unstimulated measurements.

Says Harry, a mechanic and long-time breast admirer: "Sure, I like to leaf through magazines. I'm normal. The guys at the shop put up a

calender with girls with huge tits, and I don't mind telling you, some of those girls are really something special! But what I like most is touching boobs. There's nothing so soft and squeezable as breasts. I love running my hands all over them, watching the nipples grow, nibbling at them, licking them. Some guys can really turn on looking at pictures, but give me the real thing any day!"

Women do enjoy breast manipulation. In fact, some very lucky women (although the percentage is low) can actually have an orgasm while their breasts are being touched and suckled. Without any genital stroking, they can climax. Breasts, however, vary greatly in their degree of sensitivity. Some women enjoy being manipulated during sexual intercourse and like much foreplay; others most enjoy genital stimulation and very little, if any, breast touching. As in virtually every aspect of human sexuality, it's all a matter of taste.

During extreme physical stimulation, a woman's breasts flush with pleasure. This is a certain sign of enjoyment and arousal, and the flush may spread to her chest, neck and throat, and even down to her belly. Another physiologic alteration that develops during a woman's sexual excitement is the increased definition and extension of the venous patterns on her breasts. As these veins engorge, the actual size of the woman's aroused breast also increases.

But breasts are not only pleasure-filled areas for women. Men can enjoy them as well. Intermammary intercourse, holding the breasts together and snuggling a cock between them, is an exciting position for many couples. The friction afforded by this posture is tremendous, and the pleasure is mutually enjoyable, since breasts are an erogenous zone for most women, and the feeling of a thick cock between them is delicious.

Says Alexis, a big-busted actress: "I thought I'd had sex every imaginable way. But one time, I'll never forget it, the guy I was with insisted on fucking me between the tits. I thought he was crazy! He was a real breast man, though, and went wild over my boobs, playing with them, sucking on them. I went along with his tit-fucking idea, thinking it was a big joke. But then he did it! He hoisted me over him and pushed my big tits tightly together. He slid his cock, a nice thick one it was, between my boobs and began rubbing me there. Well, I can't describe how wonderful it was. The rubbing got stronger, and I was over him, sitting down on his tight balls, pushing into him. I could feel his balls getting hotter and larger. It was so damn arousing! He kept moaning, telling me how great and how fuckable my big tits were, and his words thrilled me. He kept rubbing into me, and the room was hot and spinning. God, I get chills thinking about it! And then, suddenly, he came, his sperm splashing onto my neck and over my erect nipples. Some of the thick load even washed onto my face! It was wilder than anything I've ever had. Even now, when I'm with a man and he's fucking me, and I'm not too aroused, all I have to do is think of being banged there, right between my tits, and I come! It's a memory that I'd give anything to repeat!!"

Is there really such a thing as a breast man? Or are all men equally aroused by a nice rounded pair of creamy-soft tits? The answer is no. Some men like asses, some like thighs. It's a matter of one's own individuality. But the vast majority of men do like looking at and feeling breasts, which is pleasurable for both the men and the women.

Cicely, a stripper, reports: "I went into this business basically because I'm an exhibitionist. I like being looked at; it's as simple as that. Most of the other girls feel that way, too. When I was young, I enjoyed playing hospital. I was always the patient. I used to have all-day hospital sessions with the little boys on the street. They were the doctors, and they took turns examining me. It was great! When I started to grow titties, my enjoyment increased. They called me 'loose' in high school because I was getting what all the other girls just dreamed about and masturbated silly over! And now, hell, I'm in seventh heaven. I stand up on stage two times a night and strip. It's so damn arousing having horny men watch me take off my clothes. My tits quiver — they actually quiver when I take off that skimpy little bra I had made for the show. And the men, well, they go crazy. They cheer and beg me for more. It's even better than playing hospital! My boobies are really sensitive, and I can come just from touching them. I stand up on stage, touch my tits and get myself off while the guys are watching the action, drooling. I love my job here at the club."

Throughout recent history, especially in the field of entertainment, women have become known as "sex goddesses." From the minute Theda Bara appeared on the movie screen as Mata Hari, dressed with her large breasts bound tightly in a quasi-masochistic costume, the idea of the sex goddess was born, and women who seemed to epitomize sex and femininity were honored with the label.

Marilyn Monroe immediately comes to mind when thinking of sex goddesses. Though she was a brilliant comedienne, she was known mostly for her incredible body and her soft, sexy voice. Marilyn wore low-cut, sequined gowns and very tight, skimpy blouses that exaggerated and emphasized her rounded body and lush breasts. Indeed, it has been reported that she was actually sewn into her gowns so that they would fit as tightly as physically possible. She posed for

many pin-up pictures that aroused the public's interest as well as their sexual desires. When her naked pictures came out (done for Playboy), men were in awe of her supple, firm breasts and her perfect hourglass figure.

Jayne Mansfield was wild and daring where Marilyn had been soft and demure. She posed naked and her lush body was adored by millions of gaping, hungry men. She lived high and flaunted her sexuality with mocking, taunting pleasure. Her huge breasts glistened in her naked pin-ups, and her lips were wet and sensually full.

Jane Russell became a celebrity because of her large, firm tits. Indeed, she was the original 'sweater girl' — a phrase that belies the actual focus of such pin-ups — and rounded breasts that teased men deliciously.

Raquel Welch appeared briefly in a movie, set two millions years in the past, wearing a skimpy, torn costume that showed off her tremendous, bouncingly firm tits; she immediately became established as a hot new sex symbol for our society. Rumors spread quickly that her large breasts were silicone, but no one really cared. It is her great sensual appeal and her full, lush breasts that have given her the adulation of millions of men around the world.

It would be impossible to leave out the inimitable Mae West from our list of sex goddesses. She once said, "I do all of my best work in bed," and, after having admitted to a sexual marathon which lasted fifteen consecutive hours once, she is to be believed. Appearing in tight-fitting gown which cling seductively to her well-rounded body, emphasizing her huge breasts, she remains one of the sexiest women in the world.

Breasts begin development during the years of adolescence. The breast is actually a modified sweat gland, and during the adolescent years, fat deposits are laid down. The boobs then swell and grow, as do the nipples, pathways through which the milk travels from milk ducts as women suckle their infants. The aureolae, or haloes around the nipple, darken during adolescence. Hormones surge through the girl, and these same hormones make the breasts swell before menstruation and during pregnancy, when the breasts become very sensitive.

Wendi, a new mother, reported: "I've never felt more like a woman than when my baby was born. He began nursing immediately, and I love having him suckle me. He pulls so hard on my tits that it hurts, but it's a pleasurable pain. I know that sounds strange, but I can't describe it in any other way. One night, my husband began licking my breasts, and then he started really going at it. He pulled on them with his teeth and took the milk out. He says it tasted great, real warm and sweet. For me, it was sexually

arousing . . . I love the feeling of a hungry mouth licking my tits."

Sociologically speaking, breasts play an important part in the dating processes during adolescence. Sexuality for a teenaged girl often depends on the size of her boobs. Boys notice girls with big tits, and those are the desirable girls to date.

Says Paula, a bank teller: "I was one of those girls who never had a date. I had miserably small tits, and no one even noticed me all through high school. Padded bras didn't even work! I stayed home every Saturday night. I would stand in front of the mirror and pinch my nipples till they were sore, praying to see them grow right then and there. I'm still flat-chested, and I guess I'd give anything to have gigantic boobs. My husband says he loves my breasts, but I've seen him stare and drool at the young, big-titted girls who walk by. I'm too old to believe in miracles, but I can still dream . . ."

Tina, a stewardess, says: "I've always had big tits. From the age of ten or eleven, I had them. They were always big and firm, too, just like they are now, and I was the envy of all the other girls in school. I used to wear really low-cut sheer blouses in high school to make the guys stare. And the teachers! They were the worst, or the best, I should say. They'd call me in after class and pretend to be lecturing me on chewing gum in class or talking out of turn. But they'd be watching my titties the whole time! It was hilarious, and I loved every minute of it.

"I remember the first time I got felt up on a date. It was after a school dance, and I was going with the captain of the football team. All the busty girls got the most popular boyfriends; it was like a rule or something. The jocks never dated flat-chested girls. Anyway, we were in the back seat of his car, and the windows were all fogged up from kissing and stuff. He reached his hand down my blouse, into my bra, and I felt shivers go through me. To this day, I've never felt anything that could compare with that first time my titties got squeezed and rubbed. I think I came like that, the pleasure was so tremendous, so real. It was a feeling I still haven't forgotten. I still like fucking in the back seat of a car, because there's something sort of, you know, dangerous or scary about it."

So, while the big-breasted girls were out being felt up by football players, the flat-chested girls were home, alone, wanting breasts more than anything else in the world.

Darwin once said, "When an object of vision is presented to us which bears any similitude to the form of the female bosom . . . we feel a general glow of delight which seems to influence all our senses, and if the object be not too large, we experience an attraction to embrace it with our lips as we did in early infancy the bosom of our mothers."

This statement is in direct correspondence to Freud's belief that dreams or thoughts of fruits, especially peaches, apples and plums, are representative of breasts. Breast-fascination, it is clear, has always been around.

Since the beginning of time, women have been vain about their breasts. They have delighted in the satisfaction that they had big ones, firm ones, soft ones. It has been a source of supreme physical pleasure to suckle infants, to feel a man's fingers and mouth caress one's breasts, to have a man stroke his penis between one's large tits, and come all over them.

And men have always enjoyed breasts. They have written about them, dreamed about them, spoken of them, cherished and needed them. They have based paintings on them, have married for them, have masturbated and fantasized thinking of them.

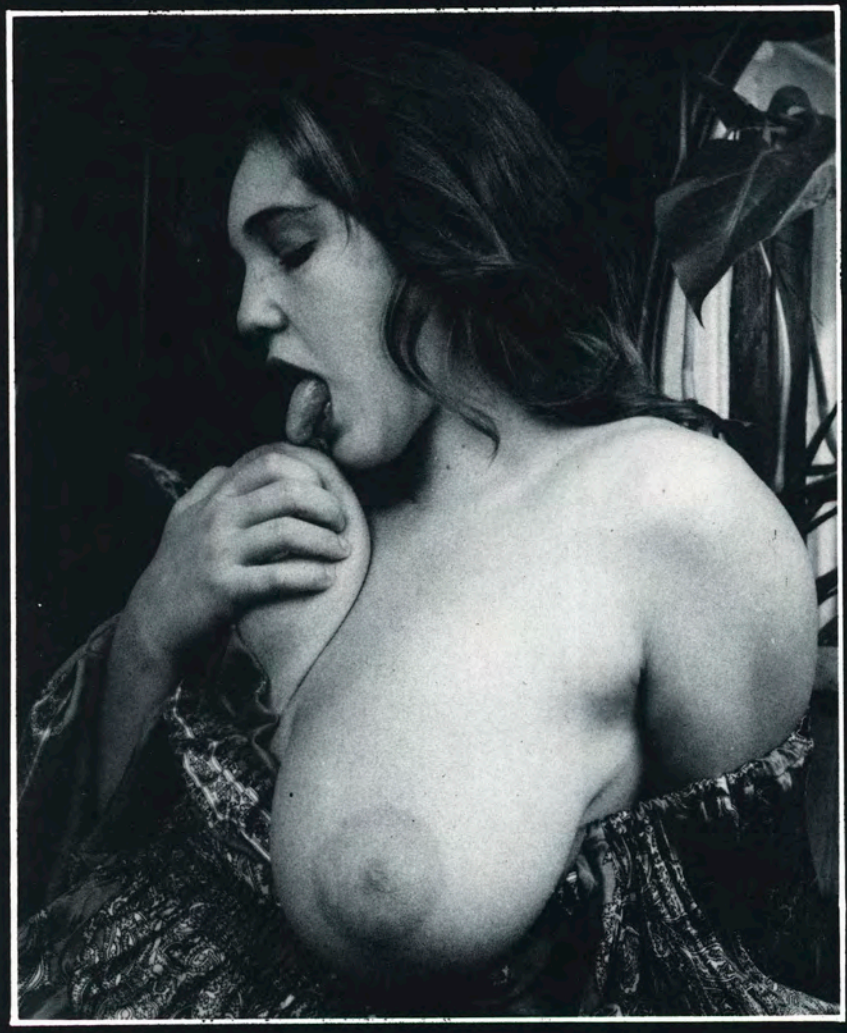
Breasts are the symbol of femininity and sensual pleasure. Their softness makes them almost impossible to resist. They are like pillows, marshmallows, balloons. Or are these things like breasts?

Breasts are all around us, everywhere. They jiggle sensually on young girls and stare enticingly at us in magazine centerfolds. They are lush and beautiful, soft and delicious.

Men enjoy looking at them, squeezing them, holding them, petting and caressing them. And women enjoy showing them off, teasing with them, bouncing along with them. Breasts are by far one of the nicest, sweetest things in life.

TITTY
BOOM
BOOM

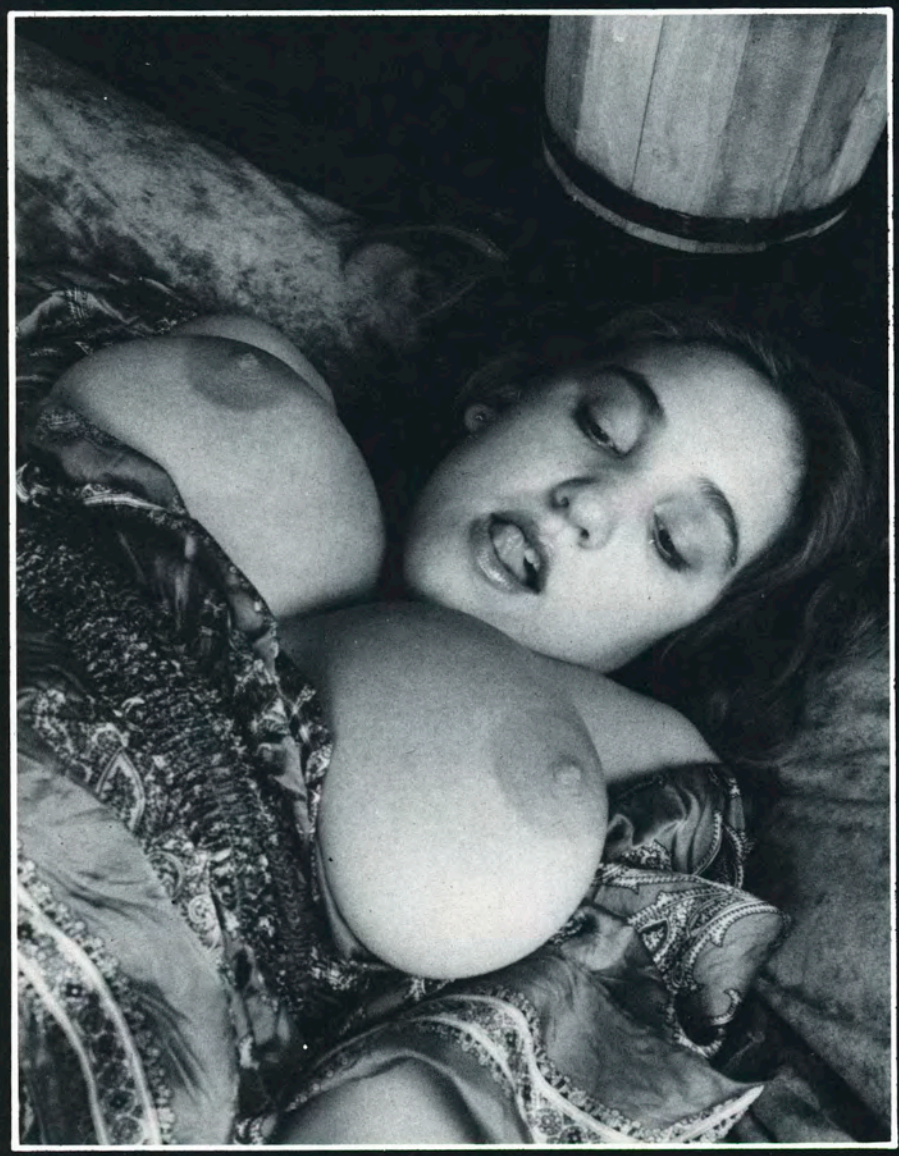
***Sandra is one hot lady — I should know — we've been going together for over a year. She's sexy as hell and always 'on.'***

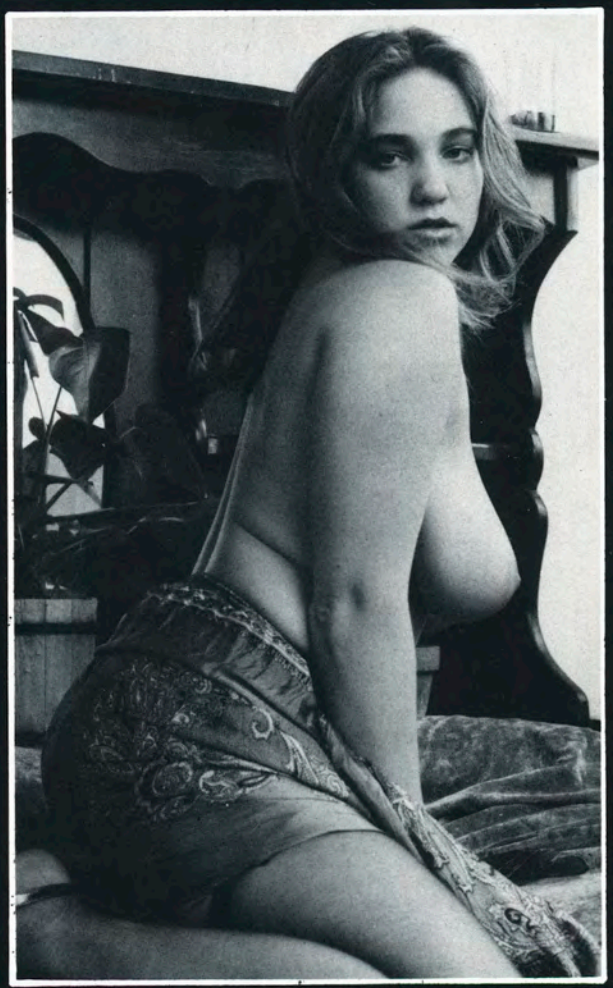


***Her tits are huge. I mean, how many chicks do you know who can reem their own nipples? When she orgasms, they quiver all over. That really drives me insane, man! Like out of my mind with desire!***

Eat your hearts out fellas — while I eat the flesh that covers Sandra's! Never met a lady who loves to have her tits licked, nibbled and tongue-lashed as much as Sandra does. When she calls me a 'sucker' — I love it!

***I'm a tit man, that's for sure, and Sandra is my number one dream machine. She's got it all . . .***





**And she's got it where it counts! Love it, man!**

Prize
Melons

Fran knows men are really turned on by her tantalizing tits and curvaceous ass — and she uses it to her advantage, flaunting and flashing her flesh just to drive the men around her wild.

Fran works as an erotic dancer in an adult nightclub, and needless to say, she's the show's star attraction. "I crave attention," Fran confided.

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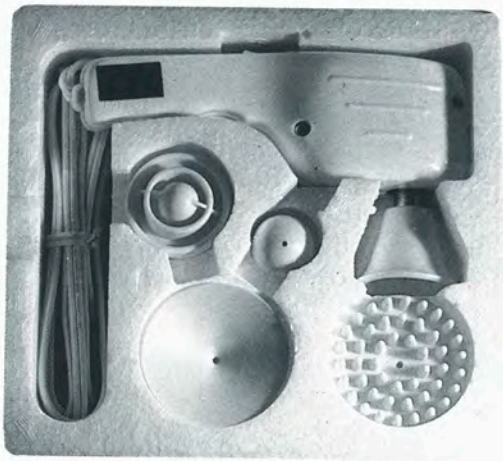

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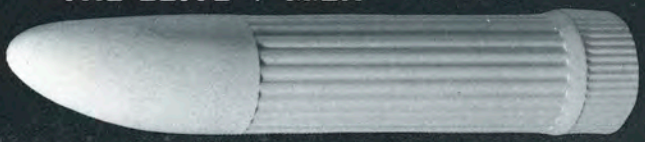

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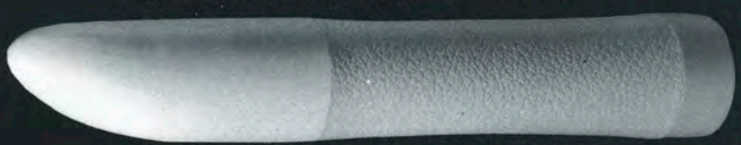

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Enclosed is my: Cash ☐ Check ☐ Moneyorder ☐ for a total of $_____

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SIGNATURE (As on card):_____

*POSTAGE: Please add $1.00 for one item and $1.00 for each additional item.

Fran is always hot. Her boobs are easily stimulated, and her hot trench will juice up at the slightest provocation. "I used to worry that I was oversexed," she says.

No need to worry on that score! In a world where ranting women cry for their independence and turn a cold shoulder to men, it's refreshing to find a female who still craves a manly shoulder to lean on and hot man-sex tucked between her thighs at night to help her sleep . . .

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# THE BIGGER THE BETTER

"Get your hand out of that drawer and sit down!" the enraged woman hissed through clenched teeth.

She flaunted her voluptuous body before him, and Charles Warden knew she meant business. A shiver of unfamiliar fear ran up and down his spine.

"Now you listen to me and listen good. You'll do as I say from here on, and if you try to cross me, well, you can just forget about that big promotion you just got!"

Charles Warden, forty-five years old and the new Vice President in Charge of Finances for the prestigious firm in which he was hired as an assistant clerk twenty years before, fell back into his brand new $1200 leather executive chair and wondered how this could ever have happened to him.

Only six months ago, he believed in the realization of the American dream — the dream shared by so many ambitious, aspiring young men — the almost desperate and treacherous climb up the precarious ladder to success and the attainment of status, wealth, security and, most of all, satisfaction.

But for some inexplicable reason, these things had always seemed to be just out of the reach of Charles. A tall, well-built, even-featured man, who had always strived for perfection in himself, Charles just couldn't quite get himself over the hurdle and into the place where his dreams could be fulfilled. Something was definitely holding him back; there was a certain peculiarity to his make-up that others could sense.

Now, as Charles sat and stared up at the woman glowering above him, flashes of his past few days' activities invaded his confused and reeling mind.

One Friday afternoon, about six months before, his boss had called him into his office for a private conference.

"Charles, I think it's time you pulled yourself together and take on a *real* challenge," the overweight, fifty-ish man began. "Now, I am aware of the numerous rumors going around the company of your . . . shall we say . . . fascination for big-breasted women. I can certainly understand that a man has certain needs — desires — but, Charles, most men are able to maintain at least a semblance of self-control when faced with such temptations."

Charles' face was growing warmer, and he was sure that he was red from the neck up.

"Heaven knows I, myself, have been offered ample opportunity to indulge in such salacious activity . . . right here in this very building, as a matter of fact! But, my good man, I have managed to remain strong-willed and have never succumbed!"

The lying, hypocritical bastard! Charles fumed inside. Did this pudgy, self-righteous man really believe that everyone in the offices was completely oblivious to this man's penchant for the nubile, braless, buxom cuties, of his slobbering after them in hot anticipation of more of the many conquests he was known to have made in the building?

If Charles hadn't felt so intimidated and embarrassed by his employer's intimations, he would have jumped up from his seat and rattled off the names on his boss' ever-growing list of extra-marital activities.

But that would be foolish. If nothing else, Charles Warden was a survivor, and he knew when to keep quiet. So, he just sat there, the humiliation and rage bringing an even deeper shade of crimson to his face.

"The point of all this, Charles, is that in spite of your, uh, reputation, I think you're a good man. You've got a good little woman at home, a woman who could be an asset to your career in this company. You've proven yourself to be a hard-working and competent man. I want to give you a crack at

Vice President in Charge of Finances.

"As you know, old Dan Sweeney is retiring in a few months, and the position will be open. If you can clean up your act . . . walk the line, so to speak . . . the job's yours."

"I-I don't know what to say. I never really expected . . ."

"I'm sure you didn't, Charles, but it's yours if you can prove yourself. And I'm sure that you will. You have too much to lose if you should disappoint me."

Charles had left the office early that day. He had to get out of there. It was impossible for him to think clearly with the incessant ringing of the phones and the countless interruptions and distractions his present job as Manager entailed.

He had slipped out the private back door of his office and, not able to cope with the crowded elevators, had climbed down the seven flights of stairs that led to the building's subterranean garage. He unlocked the door of his three-year-old Pontiac and collapsed into the seat. The engine turned over reluctantly and the car pulled out of the dark garage and into the subdued light of early evening.

He had realized, a short while later, that he had not been heading in the direction of home. Somehow, the car had taken him to an area he seldom, if ever, ventured — a tacky, run-down and sleazy section of Hollywood. Dowdy topless bars, adult theaters and bookstores, and wicked-looking women wantonly displaying their "charms" dominated the streets.

Charles felt a distinct stirring in his loins.

What am I doing here? he wondered. Surely, this is not where a man of my calibre should find himself.

Charles thought of his wife, Sylvia, no doubt fuming by now. He *always* called to let her know if he would be late getting home from work. But, for some reason, he just didn't feel compelled to call her.

He stopped the car and looked up at the telephone booth next to a massage parlor. He got out of the car and moved mechanically toward the booth.

He never got to the door.

On the front window of the massage parlor was a sign promising the ultimate in tactile ecstasy — a fingertip, whole-body massage was the specialty of the establishment. But it was the touched-up, bigger-than-life photograph that caused Charles to freeze, open-mouthed, and gape.

Underneath ten of the most sensuous, red-painted fingers he had ever seen, was a pair of enormous, perfectly-formed ivory breasts — taut, rosey nipples staring him directly in the eye, beckoning him to caress, to squeeze, to fondle.

This was Charles' one, all-consuming weakness — his passion for big, round, fleshy female breasts. He thought about them all day and dreamed about them all night.

In fact, Charles' ultimate fantasy was to be smothered to death, his nose wedged in between two firm, ripe, massive mammaries. He wouldn't even struggle, just stay wedged in there, content to die in the warmth of the earth-mother bosom of his dreams.

He found himself moving past the mesmerizing poster and through the door of the parlor.

Seated behind a counter was a sultry-looking woman, a black half-mask covering her eyes and nose, and a leopard-skin bikini that clung to her voluptuous body and left little to the imagination.

The olive-skinned beauty stood up, and Charles saw that she was wearing a pair of black leather high-heeled boots which caressed her supple calves deliciously. She brought visions of an Amazon goddess to Charles' dazed mind.

The sleek, six-foot female, generous breasts pushing out and over the top of her almost non-existent bikini top, acknowledged Charles' presence with a dazzling smile and placed a three-by-five card on the counter top in front of him.

"As you can see, sir," the words dripping off her tongue like honey, "we have three different treatments available. The usual massage, the fingertip, whole-body massage, which is our specialty, and a new treatment, just recently developed . . . the *piece d' resistance* . . ." and this she uttered with half-closed eyes, ". . . the Tip of the Globe massage."

Charles noted that the last one, with the intriguing name, was the most expensive of the three treatments.

Under normal circumstances, Charles would have balked at the idea of spending $75.00 on any sort of frivolity. But today, he was definitely not himself.

He pulled out his billfold and laid out five ten-dollar bills. He was relieved that the woman's face was partially concealed — he didn't have to see the smirk he *knew* lay hidden underneath.

"Thank you," she purred, picking up the bills and placing them in a metal box. "I'm sure you'll find it's the most a man can get for his money . . . and then some."

She stepped back a couple of feet and scrutinized him, long and hard, as if mentally fitting him for a custom-made suit.

Charles began to feel uneasy, naked, vulnerable.

After what seemed like eons had passed, the Amazon nodded her head and murmured, "Luana. I have just the masseuse for you, sir. Her name is Luana. Of course, all our ladies are professional, well-trained technicians. But Luana — ah, yes — she is the one for you!"

She pressed what must have been an intercom button on the desk, because a few seconds later, another woman entered the room and smiled at Charles.

"Well, hello, there. I'm Luana. And you are?"

"Uh, Charles." Right then, names didn't seem at all important to him. His brain was rapidly turning to mush as his eyes zeroed in on what had to be the real-life, flesh and blood version of the heavenly breasts he had seen on the poster outside.

He remained speechless, the only sign of life a visibly growing protrusion at the front of his

trousers.

Luana, also half-masked and wearing a filmy, see-through, Grecian-style toga, grinned and said to the other woman, "I see we have a true breast-man here. He certainly has picked the treatment best suited to his needs."

Luana glided over to Charles, took him by the arm and led him out of the reception area toward the back of the parlor. Her touch was cool next to Charles' burning flesh.

The atmosphere of the parlor was pure erotica. To insure that any and all customers on the premises are reduced to nothing more than seething masses of drooling, lusting entities, every square foot of wall space was covered with images of erotica, vivid and lascivious enough to have occupied Charles' most hedonistically delectable fantasies.

Charles also noticed that the air was saturated with the scent of gardenias and musk — a highly stimulating combination when inhaled by the average male. But for Charles, being something more than average, it was hypnotically devastating.

He was aware, at some level of his conscious, that Luana had brought him to a dimly-lit room.

"Charles, are you all right? You look to me like a man who's long overdue for a little earthly pleasure. Just don't you worry now, Luana will have you good as new in no time."

*No* time? How about *forever* . . . I want this to last forever! his delirious mind implored.

Luana assisted Charles in removing his clothing, slowly, expertly. When Charles was completely naked, she instructed him to lie face-down on the massage table in the center of the room.

For the first time since his trance-like journey through the parlor and into the room, Charles was aware of the subtly pounding, primal jungle beat emanating from the walls, the music seeping into his pores along with the scented oils now being lavished upon his body.

The woman's fingers knew how to both soothe and stimulate his tense and needy flesh.

A few moments — or was it hours? — later, Charles heard Luana's sultry voice instructing him to turn over onto his back. He did so, reluctantly, not wanting the dream-like quality of this experience shattered by the act of repositioning himself.

"That's better. Now you can watch me at work."

Charles opened his eyes and saw that she had removed the top portion of her costume! His eyes darted from her half-masked face down to the incredibly luscious mounds, now just inches away from his naked, oiled chest. She was applying oil to her nipples, causing them to stiffen and harden.

"Now is when you really get what you paid for, Charles." The woman leaned over his face and began to trace two parallel paths with her well-oiled, rock-hard nipples, over his sweating forehead, down his cheeks, across his


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shoulders, on down the entire length of his body. Back up a second time, this time pausing to let the nipples sweep lightly over his erect penis and cum-filled testicles. He found he was gripping the sides of the table tighter and tighter. He gasped when her nipples lingered at his manhood, and wondered how much longer he would be able to hold back the white-hot fluid threatening to eject from his pounding, heated missile.

Two more passes of the glorious mammary tips over his flesh, and his body stiffened and . . . *"Ahh! Oh my God! I'm coming! My God . . . It's really happening! Ahhhh hhhhhhh!!!"*

A few moments later, the masseuse stood up and reached for a warm, moist towel and wiped away the still-hot globs of spent semen from her breasts. Then she took another cloth and towelled Charles off thoroughly.

When his senses finally returned to him, he heard the woman speak.

"You must have been saving that up for a long time, Charles. Now, roll back over onto your stomach and I'll finish you up with a different kind of massage to restore your strength."

Numbly, he did as he was told, and Luana was again moving those talented fingers of hers all over his backside. He was feeling a calm sense of euphoria and felt like talking. "How long have you been a masseuse?" he asked her.

"Oh, I guess it's going on five years now. There was a year of training, then two years of working several different jobs until I bought this place two years ago."

"You're the owner? Well, you must be doing a real good business if my massage was any indication of what you have to offer." He could feel her still-hard nipples brushing lightly over his back as they spoke.

"Unfortunately, the overhead costs have been steadily eating up my profits."

Charles suddenly wished he could see her face and wondered why they wore masks in the first place. Probably wanted to add to the mystique . . . and, it does provide them with a certain amount of anonymity, he reasoned.

"I have three girls on my payroll, and I've had to invest a fortune in furnishings and decorating the parlor. There are times when I wish I'd gotten into a more profitable line of work. So, tell me about yourself, Charles. What do you do?"

"Right now, I'm Manager of Finance for a large company in Century City. Been there a long time, and now I'm up for a big promotion." Charles was relieved that he had something worth talking about. Being a manager was okay, but talking about a vice presidency position was much more impressive. "Yeah, I've got a boss who's a real prude. You know the type — wants everyone else to live like boy scouts, but you wouldn't believe the things he gets into!" Why was he talking so openly with this woman? It must be the massage, he thought, and went on. "Anyway, I've really got to tow the line in order to get this promotion. It's not that there's any doubt as to my ability, it's just that he wants to be reassured first that I live my private life like a monk."

"And of course, you don't," Luana smiled.

"Well, what *normal* man does?"

"I suppose this promotion means a lot more money for you, too?"

"Yeah. It'll just about put me in the six-figure category."

If Charles had been lying face-up, he would have noticed that Luana's face revealed some very calculating thinking.

"From what you've told me, your boss wouldn't be too pleased about your coming to a place like this, would he?"

The very thought made Charles shudder. He knew only too well of his employer's show of outrage whenever the subject of adult theaters and massage parlors came up. "That would pretty much spell the end for me, Luana."

"I see. You can sit up now. If you like, you can use the shower in the room next door before you get dressed."

As Charles sat up and faced the voluptuous woman, he wondered what had induced him to speak so freely with someone who was practically a total stranger. He quickly lost that train of thought, though, when Luana's succulent breasts bobbed enticingly right in front of his nose. Oh, how he wanted to grab them up into his hands and stuff as much as he could into his eager mouth! But it was getting late, and he knew his time was up.

"Well, Luana, it would be an understatement to say that it's been a pleasure . . . but believe me, it has!"

She gave him a rather insincere half-smile, turned around to reach for the top piece of her costume, and left the room.

After that, things went fairly smoothly for the newly-appointed V.P. of Finances. His boss had been satisfied as to Charles' good moral character, having heard no more rumors about his behavior to the contrary. Charles Warden was enjoying his new position thoroughly, and he refrained from even entertaining an indecent thought. He'd finally arrived, and he was going to stay there!

But his sense of security came to an abrupt end one day, when his secretary announced that a woman named Luana was waiting to see him in the outer office.

*What is she doing here?!!!* "Tell her to come in, Miss Willis." Miss Willis, who had been Charles' private secretary for several years, gave him a curious look before leaving his office.

"Hello again, Charles! I see you made it. Congratulations!" the woman said, seating herself on Charles' desk. There was a distinct lack of sincerity, Charles noted, in her voice, but that didn't distract him from feasting his eyes upon her succulent, half-exposed breasts. She looked every bit as delicious as he had remembered.

"Thank you, Luana. Yes, I guess I pretty much got what I've always wanted. By the way, how on earth did you find me?"

"Oh, I have ways," she smirked.

"But what brings you here? Are things going well with the business?"

"Actually, things are going very badly. I'm afraid I'll be forced to sell. I'm losing so much money right now, it's just not worth the trouble of trying to hold on to it any longer. The expenses are killing me."

"Gee, I'm awfully sorry to hear that, Luana. I wish there was something I could do . . ."

Luana moved around the desk and planted her well-rounded buttocks right in Charles' lap. Now, her barely-covered bosom was directly under his chin, and he felt himself turning to jello. Except in one place.

"You know, Charles, there *is* something you can do to help me out. After all, you are in charge of the financial dealings of this company. How about buying me out?"

"You've got to be kidding, Luana! In case you're not aware of it, this is a very conservative outfit. What businesses we do buy out are definitely not along the lines of massage parlors and the like!"

The woman had no sense of shame. She proceeded to flaunt her bountiful ivory melons, blatantly rubbing them against his face. Charles was warming up and he knew he was losing control. That deep, enticing cleavage was all he could see at that moment.

"Did you know that my parlor rooms are equipped with a system that records everything that's said on tape, Charles? They were installed, along with cameras, for the protection of my girls — in case a customer might want to get rough with one of them. So, I don't have to spell it out for you, do I? You can see that I do have some insurance against a turn-down from you. Oh, I found out all about you. It's amazing how much information you can get from a car's license plate. We both know what would happen if the tape should fall into the wrong hands, don't we, honey?" She jumped up from his lap and her features suddenly turned hard. Glowering above him, her massive mounds heaving with her seething anger, she laid it on the line. "Either you set it up so your company will buy me out at a *very* generous price, or you can just forget about your promotion, your career, everything! From now on, Charles, you'll do as I say!"

He knew he would, too. Not just because his professional future was being threatened, but because he would somehow turn this situation around to his advantage.

Charles stopped shaking with fear and a sly smile crossed his lips. He would go along with what she was demanding, but she would have to put up with his breast-craving mouth and hands. Luana didn't know it yet, but there was going to be a nose buried almost full-time in that swelling cleavage of hers!

Charles Warden wanted to be sure that when he died, he would be nuzzling his face into those plump, ripe melons, his nose wedged in good and tight . . . his ultimate fantasy realized!


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*"Here's looking at you," Lily said in a husky, sexy voice as she greeted me at the door. I was in her apartment to take pictures, and she was really turned on to the session. It went badly . . . my hand shook the whole time . . .*

# Sultry and Sumptuous

*I photographed a lot of tits and ass, but Lily was something else. Her hot bod kept steaming up the lens!*

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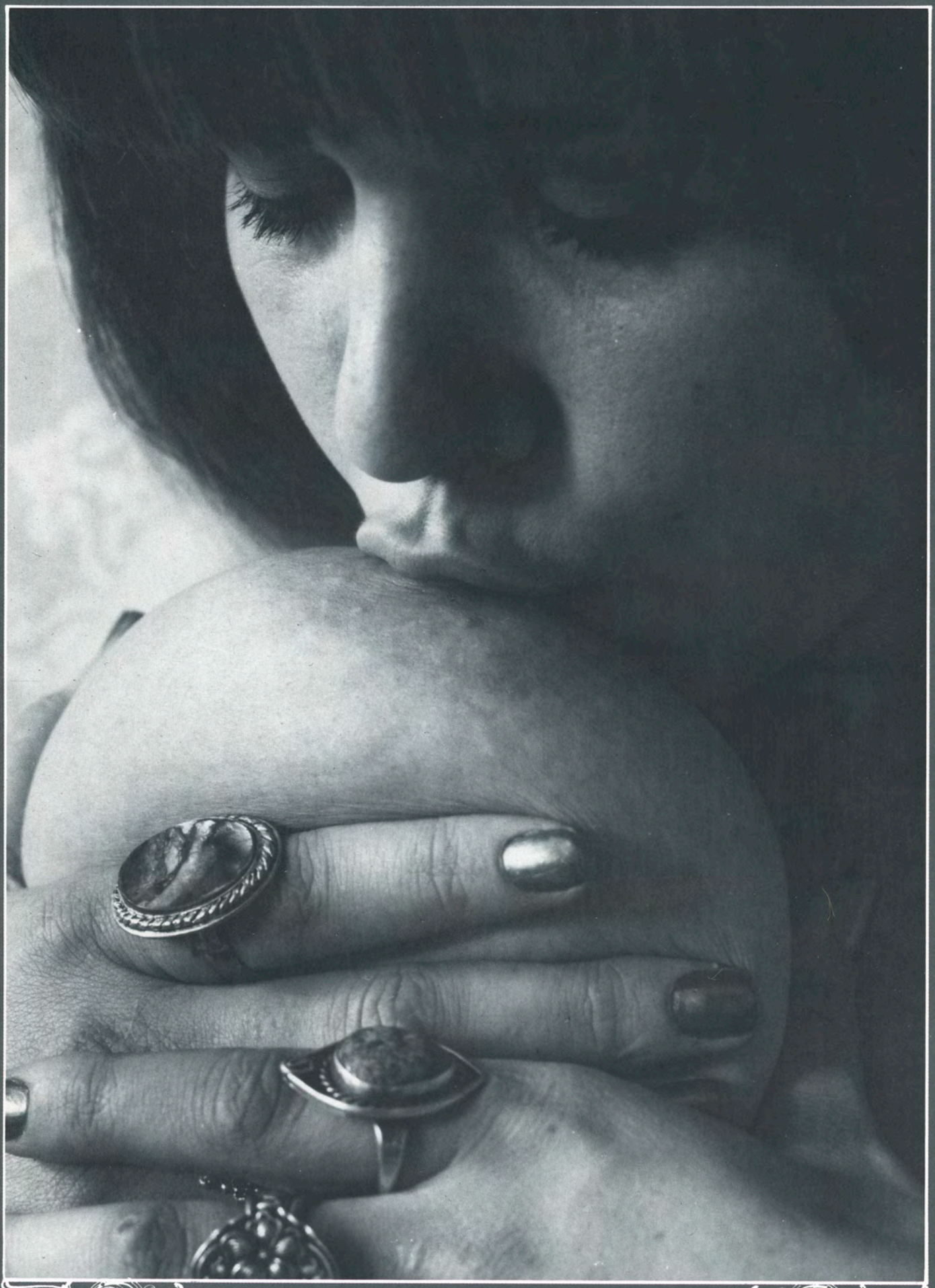

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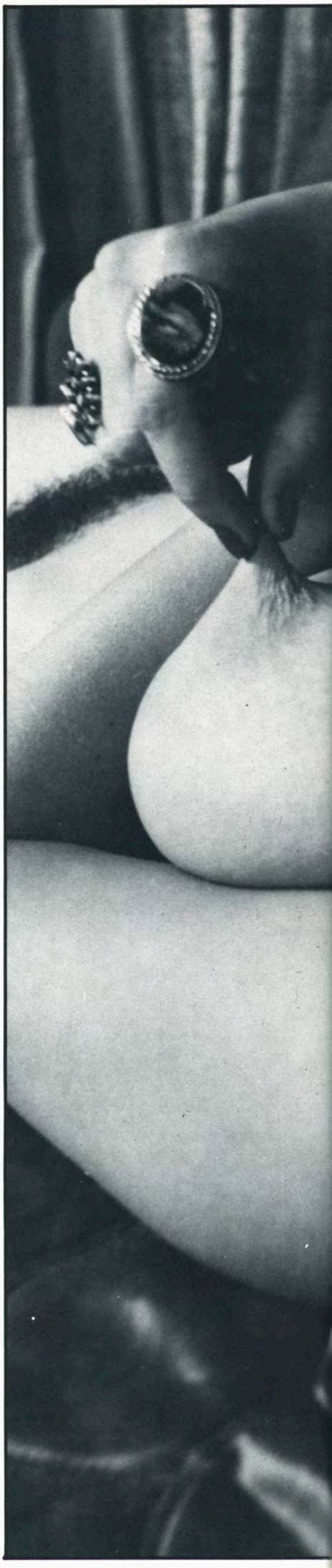

She can tweak her pearly nubs of nipple flesh and soar into total ecstasy. Hot, pulsating blood pounds through her veins. Shivers of salacious lust run up and down her spine. Her thighs become sticky with telltale lust.